Kent. With you goodman boy, and you pleaſe come, ile fleaſh you, come on yong maiſter.

Gloſt. Weapons, armes, whats the matter here?

Duke. Keepe peace vpon your liues, hee dies that ſtrikes againe, what's the matter?

Reg. The meſſengers from our ſiſter, and the King.

Duke. Whats your difference, ſpeake?

Stew. I am ſcarſe in breath my Lord.

Kent. No maruaile you haue ſo beſtir'd your valour, you cowardly raſcall, nature diſclaimes in thee, a Tayler made thee.

Duke. Thou art a ſtrange fellow, a Taylor make a man.

Kent. I, a Tayler ſir; a Stone-cutter, or a Painter could not haue made him ſo ill, though hee had beene but two houres at the trade.

Gloſt. Speake yet, how grew your quarrell?

Stew. This ancient ruffen ſir, whoſe life I haue ſpar'd at ſute of his gray-beard.

Kent. Thou whorſon Zedd, thou vnneceſſarie letter, my Lord if you'l giue mee leaue, I will tread this vnboulted villaine into morter, and daube the walles of a iaques with him, ſpare my gray beard you wagtayle.

Duke. Peace ſir, you beaſtly Knaue you haue no reuerence.

Kent. Yes ſir, but anger has a priuiledge.

Duke. Why art thou angry?

Kent. That ſuch a ſlaue as this ſhould weare a ſword,
That weares no honeſty, ſuch ſmiling roges as theſe,
Like Rats oft bite thoſe cordes in twaine,
Which are to intrench, to inlooſe ſmooth euery paſſion
That in the natures of their Lords rebell,
Bring oyle to ſtir, ſnow to their colder-moods,
Reneag, affirme, and turne their halcion beakes
With euery gale and varie of their maiſters, (epeliptick
Knowing nought like dayes but following, a plague vpon your
Viſage, ſmoyle you my ſpeeches, as I were a foole?
Gooſe and I had you vpon Sarum plaine,
Id'e ſend you cackling home to Camulet.,

Duke. What art thou mad old fellow?

Gloſt. How fell you out, ſay that?

Kent.

Kent. No contraries hold more, antipathy,
Then I and ſuch a knaue.

Duke. Why doſt thou call him knaue, what's his offence.

Kent. His countenance likes me not.

Duke. No more perchance does mine, or his, or hers.

Kent. Sir tis my occupation to be plaine,
I haue ſeene better faces in my time
That ſtands on any ſhoulder that I ſee
Before me at this inſtant.

Duke. This is a fellow who hauing beene prayſd
For bluntnes doth affect a ſawcy ruffines,
And conſtraines the garb quite from his nature,
He cannot flatter he, he muſt be plaine,
He muſt ſpeake truth, and they will tak't ſo,
If not he's plaine, theſe kind of knaues I know
Which in this plainnes harbour more craft,
And more corrupter ends, then twentie ſilly ducking
Obſeruants, that ſtretch their duties niſely.

Kent. Sir in good ſooth, or in ſincere veritie,
Vnder the allowance of your graund aſpect.
Whoſe influence like the wreath of radient fire
In flitkering *Phœbus* front.

Duke. What mean'ſt thou by this?

Kent. To goe out of my dialogue which you diſcommend ſo much, I know ſir, I am no flatterer, he that beguild you in a plain accent, was a plaine knaue, which for my part I will not bee, though I ſhould win your diſpleaſure, to intreat mee too't.

Duke. What's the offence you gaue him?

Stew. I neuer gaue him any, it pleas'd the King his maiſter
Very late to ſtrike at me vpon his miſconſtruction,
When he coniunct and flattering his diſpleaſure
Tript me behind, being downe, inſulted, rayld,
And put vpon him ſuch a deale of man, that,
That worthied him, got prayſes of the King,
For him attempting who was ſelfe ſubdued,
And in the fleehuent of this dread exploit,
Drew on me here againe.

Kent. None of theſe roges & cowards but *Aiax* is their foole.